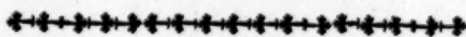


## Pastoral Courtship.

A Favourite Song.



YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,  
He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;  
He wants to be with me, wherever I go;  
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side;  
He pipes and he sings, 'tho I frown and I chide;  
I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says, No!  
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

He often requests me his flame to relieve;  
I ask him, what favour he hopes to receive?  
His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow;  
What mortal beside him wou'd plague a maid so?

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,  
And softly intreated I'd wear for his sake;  
Such trifles are easy enough to bestow;  
I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so.

He hands me each eve to the cot from the plain;  
And meets me each morn to conduct me again;  
But what's his intention I'd wish for to know,  
For I'd rather be marry'd, than plagu'd by him so.

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FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.